ISSN 0712-7774

CEREBUS

GOING HOME

30

$2.25 $3.50 $1.50

261
DEC

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GOING HOME

30

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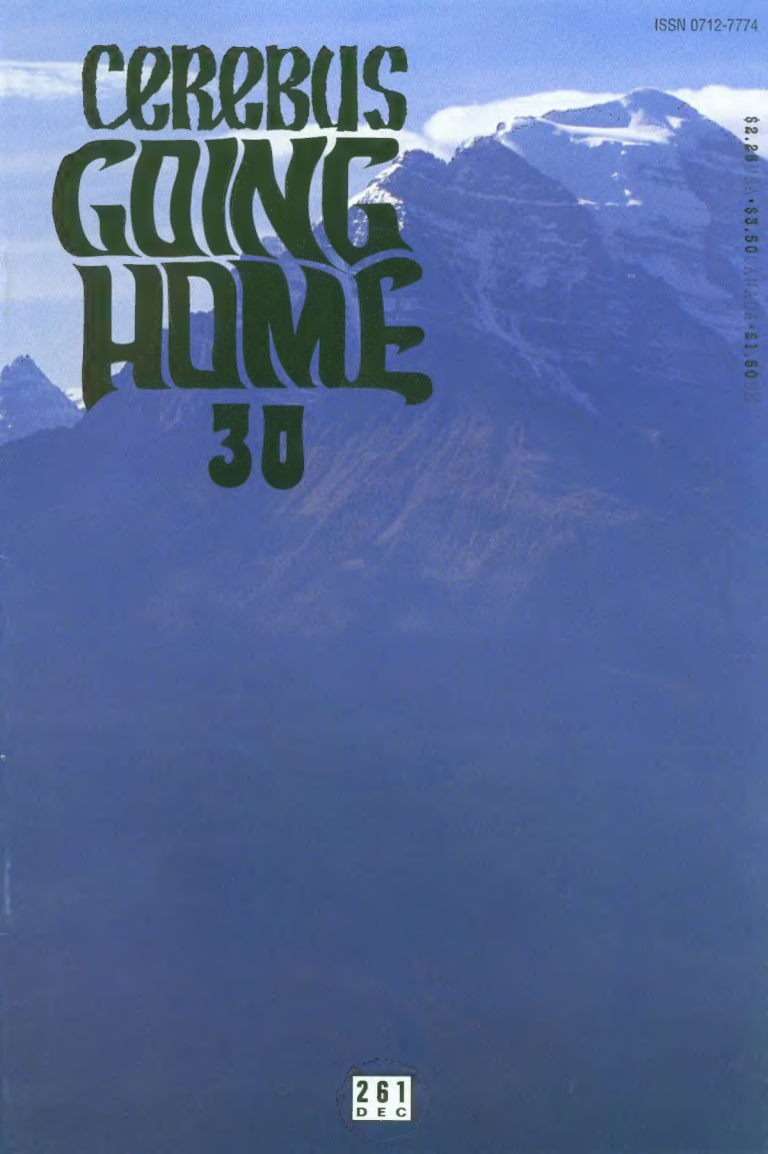

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DEC

RALPH KIDSON, ESQ.

cerebus

NO. 261 DECEMBER 2000

WHY DAVE SIM HATES TELLY SO MUCH
EVERY SANE PERSON LOVES TELLY, DON'T THEY? YES.
SO WHAT'S UP WITH DAVE? HOW DID THIS START?
TO ANSWER THAT QUESTION, I MUST TAKE YOU BACK TO MOOSEJAW, CANADIA, 1983.
IGLOOS, HUSKIES, PENGUINS. THE ARCTIC.
HERE'S 12 YEAR OLD DAVE GOING TO SCHOOL WITH TENNIS RACKETS ON HIS FEET.
WHAT'S THIS? ALL HIS CLASSMATES ARE CHATTERING EXCITEDLY!
"HAVEN'T YOU HEARD, DAVE? MOOSEJAW IS GETTING A TELEVISION SET!
A T.V?! IN MOOSEJAW? CAN IT BE?!
AFTER SCHOOL DAVE RUSHES HOME OVER ICE FLOWS AND GLACIERS.
"MUM! MUM! T.V. IS COMING TO MOOSEJAW!"
AFTER DINNER, DAVE WALKED THE POLAR BEAR AND DREAMT OF THE WONDERS OF TELLY..
EVERYTHING WAS HAPPENING SO FAST! ELECTRICITY, CANNED GOODS, NOW THIS! DAVE WAS IN
THE NEXT DAY, THE WHOLE OF MOOSEJAW ASSEMBLED AT THE TOWN HALL TO WATCH TELLY.
THE MAYOR PROUDLY UNVEILED THE 16" BLACK & WHITE SET
BRITAIN HAD GIVEN THE TELLY AS A GIFT TO SAY 'THANKS' FOR ALL OF CANADIAS HELP IN THE WAR
A HUSH DESCENDED AS THE TELLY WAS SWITCHED ON.
BUT OH NO! DISASTER!
HA HA HA! HO HO!
DAVE COULDN'T SEE THE PROGRAMME! HE WAS TOO SHORT, AND THERE WERE LOADS OF ESKIMOES BLOCKING HIS VIEW!
HA HA! BENNY WILL HIM FUNNY!
EVERY DAY AFTER SCHOOL DAVE WOULD RUSH TO THE TOWNHALL
HOPING TO CATCH A GLIMPSE OF THE T.V. PICTURE
PUFF PUFF
HUFF PUFF
BUT TO NO AVAIL! THERE WAS ALWAYS A GREAT BIG LOAD OF FAT-ARSED ESKIMOES HOGGING THE SET.
RRG! I HATE THOSE FAT-ARSED LAZY SLITTY-EYED BASTARDS!
RRG! AND WHAT'S MORE, I HATE TELLY!
DAVES INSANE RANTING WAS OVERHEARD!
HIS HERESY WAS UNFORGIVABLE. DAVE WAS BANISHED FROM THE TOWN!
HE BUILT A LOG CABIN IN THE MOUNTAINS AND VOWED TO SPEND THE REST OF HIS LIFE DOING COMICS ABOUT HOW MUCH HE HATES ESKIMOES AND TELLY.

DAVE SIM
Creator, Writer, Characters/ pencil & ink, echanical tones, lettering

GERHARD
Background tist/pencil & ink Cover photo

AROL WEST
Administrative Assistant

ING HOME
•
BOOK ONE
Sudden Moves
(Cerebus 232 to

A submission from Mr. Ralph Kidson, esq., one of my favourite cartoonists of all time (for the positively *Frazettean intricacy* of his linework *alone*!). He still has copies of the "Great Gatsby" cover that I did for his wonderful mini-comic, *Milk & Cheese* (available at the cover price of $2.00 U.S. or something less than that in £—whatever £'s are). So tiny is his quaint and cozy little island home that correspondence to him can be addressed simply: Ralph Kidson, "Eng Land", BN8 4LZ.

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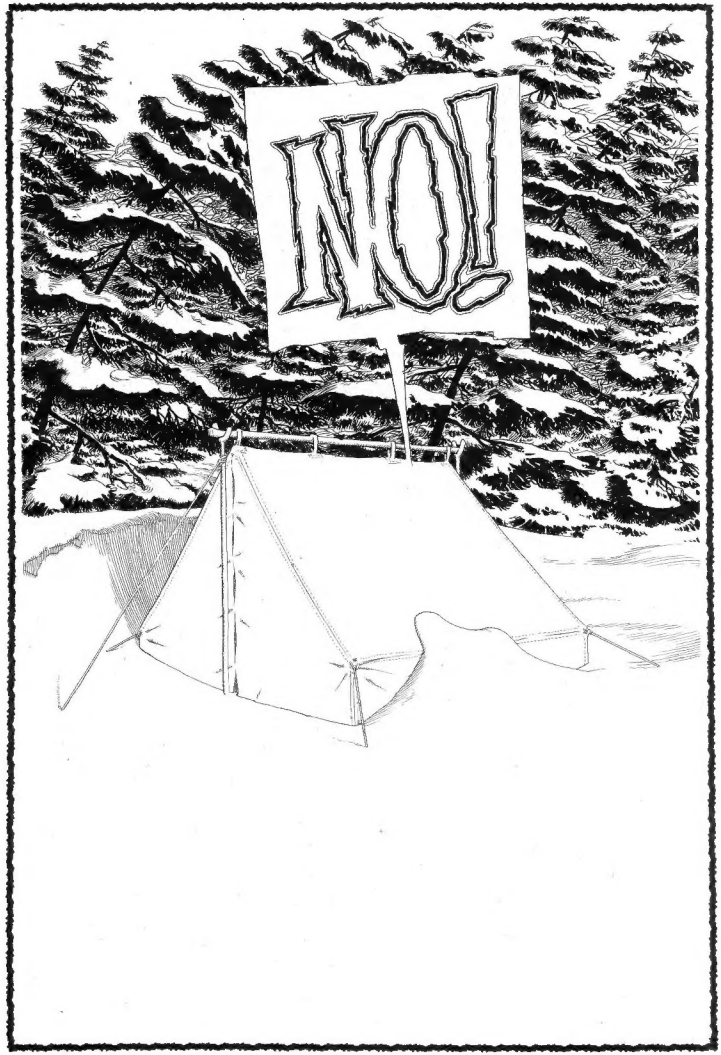
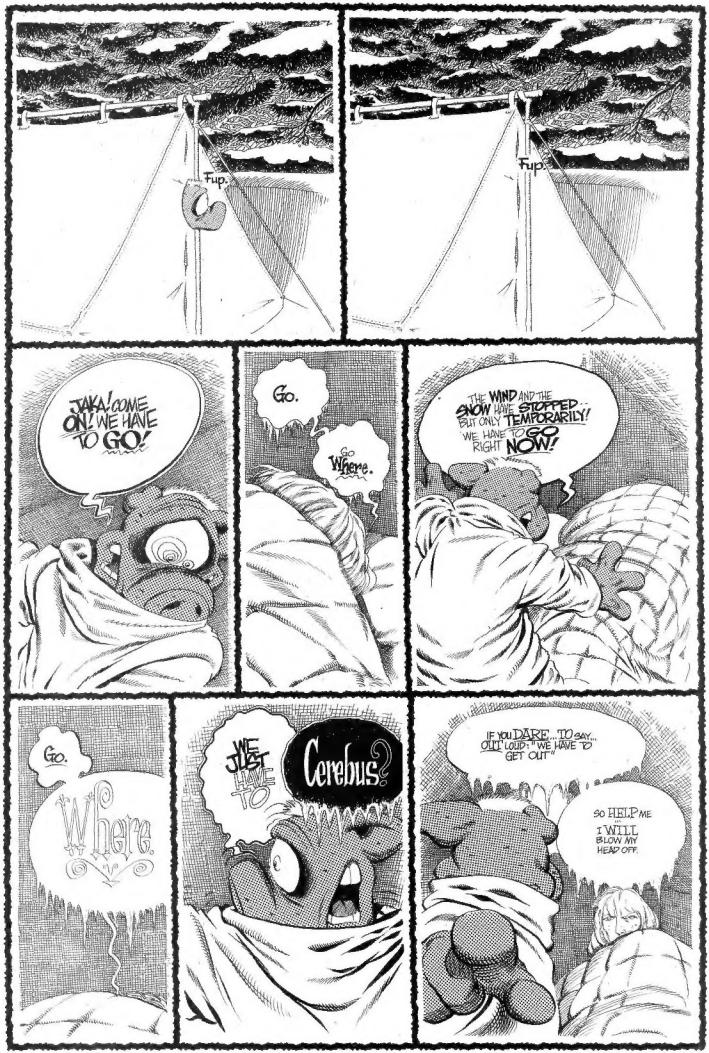
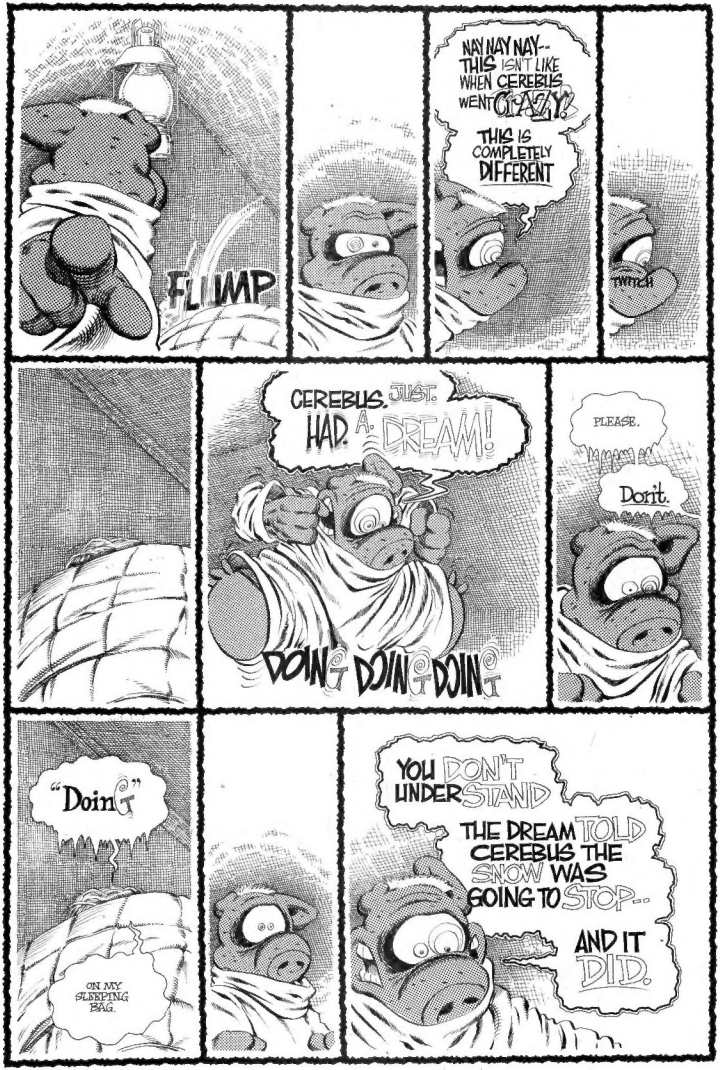

NO!

CEREBUS THOUGHT THAT YOU HAD
I - I THOUGHT THAT YOU HAD
FLUMP
FLUMP
SO WHAT WAS THAT AWFUL NOISE?
CEREBUS DOESN'T KNOW
BUT IT WAS LOUD ENOUGH TO WAKE THE


Fup.
Fup.
JAKA! COME ON! WE HAVE TO GO!
Go.
Go Where.
THE WIND AND THE SNOW HAVE STOPPED... BUT ONLY TEMPORARILY! WE HAVE TO GO RIGHT NOW!
Go.
Where.
WE JUST HAVE TO
Cerebus?
IF YOU DARE TO SAY OUT LOUD: "WE HAVE TO GET OUT"
SO HELP ME I WILL BLOW MY HEAD OFF.

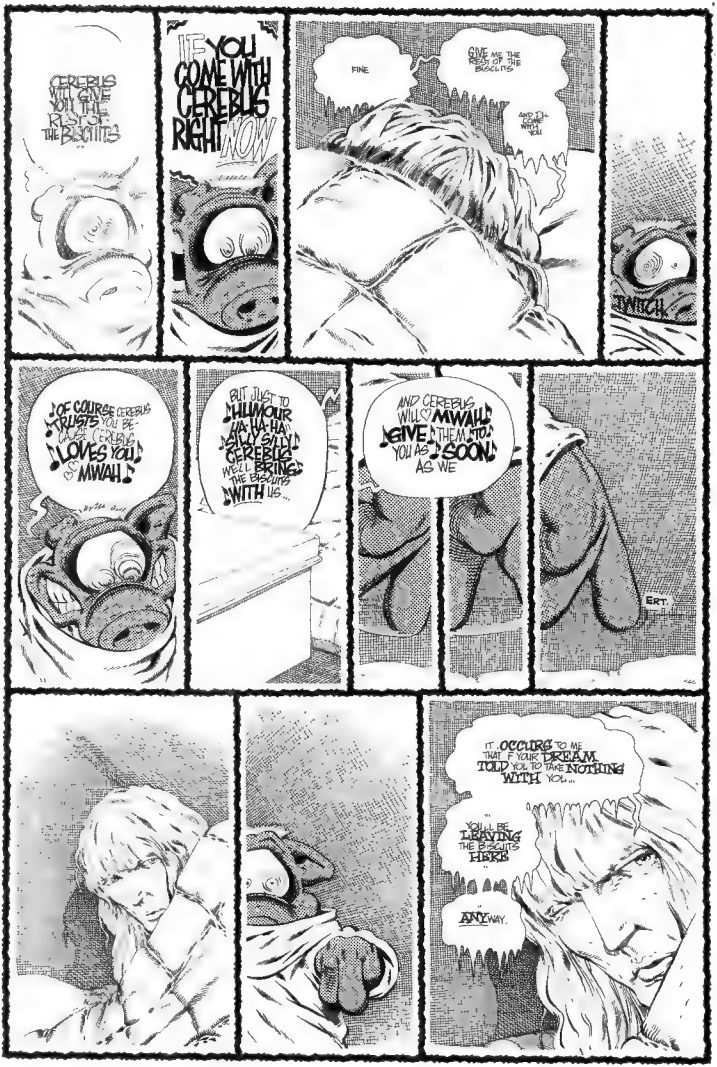

FLUMP
NAY NAY NAY-- THIS ISN'T LIKE WHEN CEREBUS WENT CRAZY!
THIS IS COMPLETELY DIFFERENT
TWITCH
CEREBUS, JUST. HAD A DREAM!
DOING DOING DOING
PLEASE.
Dorit.
"Doing"
ON MY SLEEPING BAG.
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND
THE DREAM TOLD CEREBUS THE SNOW WAS GOING TO STOP...
AND IT DID.

WE HAVE TO FOLLOW THE LINE OF TREES
OVER THE RIDGE
AND. WE. MUST. GO
QUICKLY!
QUICKLY.
YES!
WEIGHTED DOWN BY A BAD PERSON TENT...
TWO SLEEPING BAGS
TWO FULL PACK PACKS
NAY NAY NAY THE DREAM SAID WE'RE TO TAKE NOTHING WITH US.
"NOTHING"
"WITH US."
HUNH?
OH! AYE! NAY! NOTHING

LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT.
YOU HAD A DREAM.
WHICH TOLD YOU...
THAT... DURING THE ONLY RESPITE IN A THREE-DAY-LONG BLIZZARD
SIX-DAY.
SEVEN IF YOU COUNT TODAY.
I STAND CORRECTED...
DURING THE ONLY RESPITE IN A SIX OR SEVEN-DAY-LONG BLIZZARD
YOUR DREAM TOLD YOU THAT WE SHOULD ABANDON OUR ONLY SHELTER AND GO WADING THROUGH SNOW DRIFTS THAT ARE WHO KNOWS HOW DEEP
FOLLOWING A LINE OF TREES
OVER THE RIDGE! YES!

AND WE MUST GO...?
QUICKLY! NOW! YES!
I'D LIKE TO TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO WISH YOU AND YOUR DREAM EVERY HAPPINESS IN YOUR FUTURE LIFE TOGETHER.
MWAH.
YOU'RE NOT COMING?
ODDLY ENOUGH?
NO.

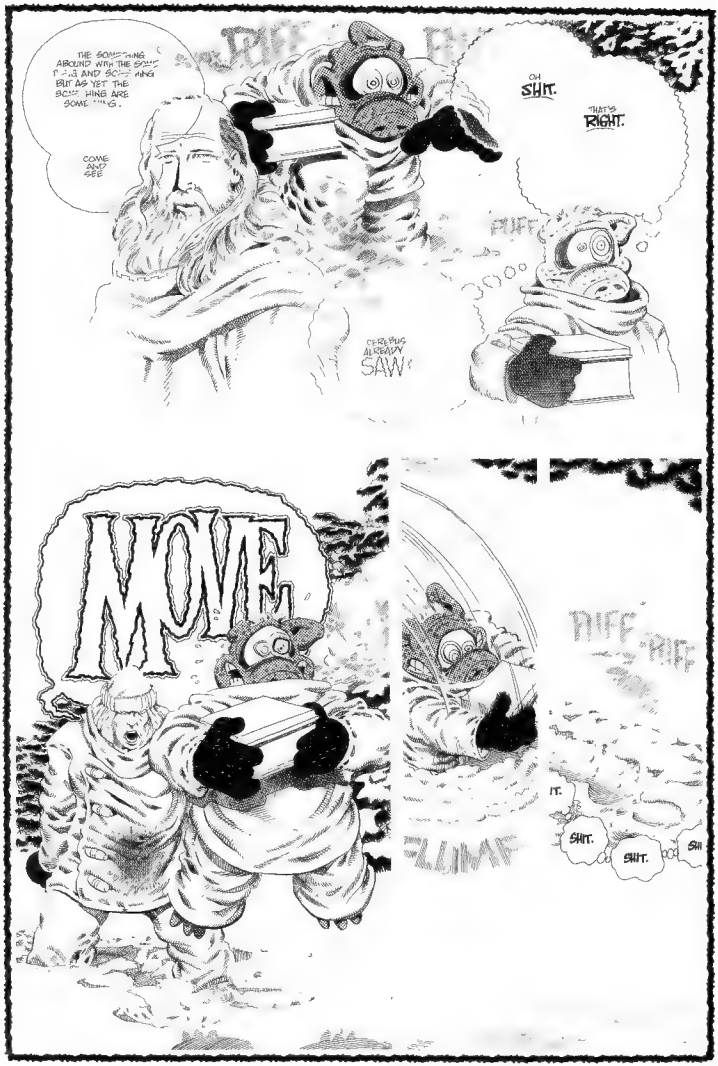
THIS IS TERRIBLE! CEREBUS CAN'T LEAVE JAKA BEHIND! ("TAKING NOTHING WITH YOU," RICK SAID)
AYE! "TAKING NOTHING..." NO THING... WITH YOU." JAKA ISN'T A THING. JAKA IS A
AS IN "TAKE NO BODY WITH YOU." WHICH RICK DID NOT SAY... AND EVEN IF HE
HAD SAID "TAKE NO BODY WITH YOU" AND EVEN IF JAKA WAS A NOBODY, DAMN IT,
SHE'S CEREBUS' NOBODY AND NOBODY ELSE'S NOBODY AND IF JAKA IS NOTHING
EN NOBODY IS ANYBODY AND NOTHING IS ANYTHING (IS CEREBUS
FINISHED NOW?) PRETTY MUCH. (RICK ALSO SAID, "QUICKLY.") SO! CEREBUS WILL TAK
OF SOMETHING QUICKLY... CEREBUS WILL GIVE JAKA THE REST OF THE
BISCUITS (IF SHE COMES WITH CEREBUS.) WELL OF COURSE. IF SHE COME
ITH CEREBUS, WHAT'D SHE'D BE SOME SORT OF MORON AN
OF A CHOICE


CEREBUS WILL GIVE YOU THE REST OF THE BISCUITS
IF YOU COME WITH CEREBUS RIGHT NOW
FINE
GIVE ME THE REST OF THE BISCUITS
AND I'LL COME WITH YOU...
TWITCH
OF COURSE CEREBUS TRUSTS YOU BE-CAUSE CEREBUS LOVES YOU! MWAH!
BUT JUST TO HUMOUR HA-HA-HA SILLY SILLY CEREBUS WE'LL BRING THE BISCUITS WITH US...
AND CEREBUS WILL? MWAH! GIVE THEM TO YOU AS SOON AS WE
ERT.
IT OCCURS TO ME THAT IF YOUR DREAM TOLD YOU TO TAKE NOTHING WITH YOU...
YOU'RE LEAVING THE BISCUITS HERE
ANYWAY.

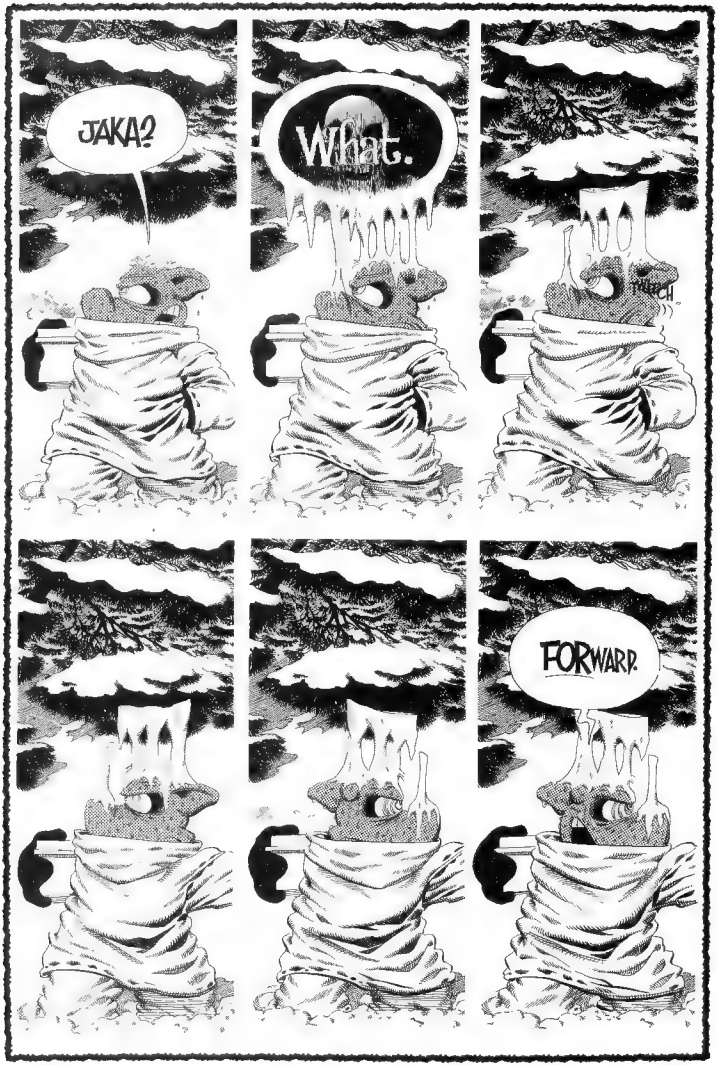
FLUMP
SHIT. (SHE'S RIGHT)
SHE KNOWS RIGHT. THE QUESTION IS NOW WHAT?
"QUICKLY" RICK SAID
QUICKLY QUICKLY QUICKLY QUICKLY QUICKLY QUICKLY QUICKLY QUICKLY QUICKLY
LOOK. THERE'S ONLY ONE CHOICE LEFT.
(MWUHA-HAH. NAY. IT'S THE ONLY CHOICE LEFT. END SAID
LOOK. IF JAKA STAYS HERE AND STARVES HERSELF TO DEATH THE RELATIONSHIP IS SORT OF OVER ANYWAY. ISN'T IT?
HERE GOES:
(GOOD POINT. AYE. WELL
SO. JAKA. JUST. GIVES. UP.
IT'S YAWN JAKA JUST GIVES UP.
NAY. JAKA DOESN'T GIVE UP.
?
YES. SHE DOES. ♪ LOOK. ♪ THIS IS SHE ♪ MWAH ♪
JAKA DOESN'T GIVE UP
THE PRINCESS OF PLUNDER GIVES UP.
MAYBE SHE DIDN'T HEAR CEREBUS.
(BETTER STAY BETWEEN JAKA AND THE GUN. JUST TO BE ON THE SAFE SIDE.)
AYE

FLAP.
ALL. Right.
But the minute we get over this RIDGE
I want EVERY last one of those damned BISCUITS
AND THEN I AM COMING
STRAIGHT BACK HERE TO GET ON WITH DYING. MY. WAY.
Under STOOD?
AYE.
POKE

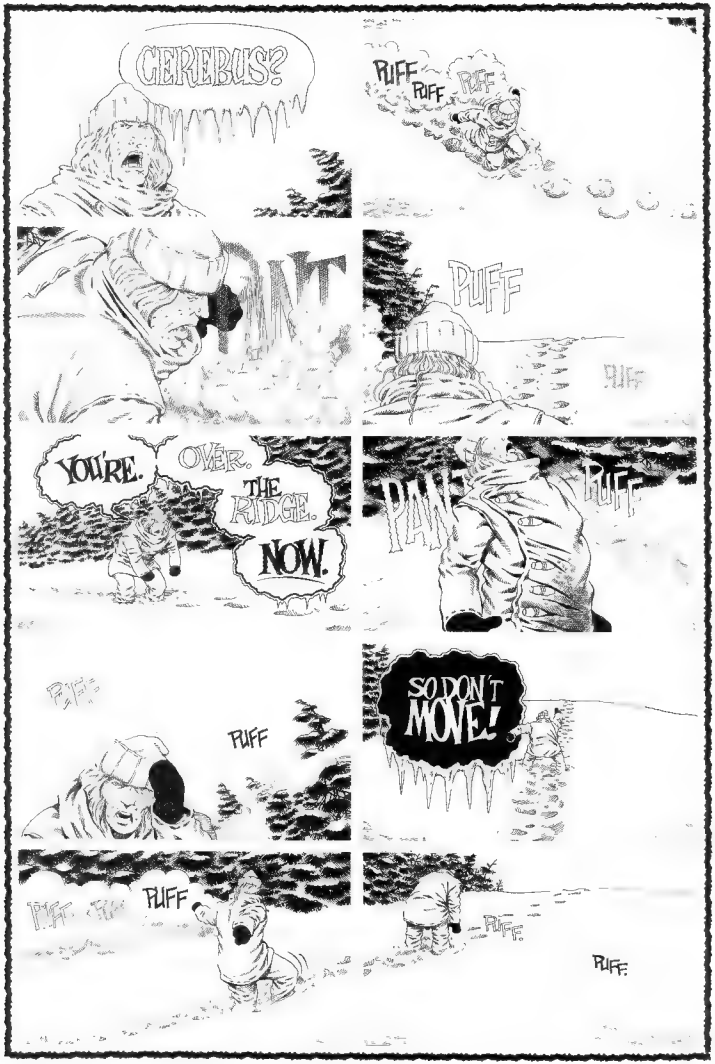
CEREBUS IS SORRY HE CALLED YOU
SAVE YOUR BREATH FOR THE HIKE... SHORTY.
"OKAY" THAT WASN'T SO BAD. "SHORTY" CEREBUS CALLED HER "PRINCESS OF PAUNL" AND SHE CALLED CEREBUS "SHORTY". SO NOW WE'RE EVEN. (EVEN?? HAH?!) CEREBUS IS RIGHT. "SHORTY" IS JUST THE BEGINNING OF FOR THE REST OF CEREBUS LIFE. (WHICH IS WHAT?) TWO DAYS? THREE DAYS? (MAYBE?) ALL CEREBUS CAN DO IS HOPE THAT WHATEVER IS OVER THAT RIDGE IS SOMETHING THAT WILL MAKE HIM HAPPY. (HAPPY?) LIKE WHAT FOR INSTANCE? SO LIKE A BIG BOTTLE OF DRY WHITE WINE AND A SALAD THE SIZE OF PAUNL (CEREBUS DOESN'T
STEADY.
STEADY
REMEMBER WHAT RICK SAID "FOLLOW THE LINE OF TREES, OVER THE RIDGE" REMEMBER WHAT RICK SAID "GO BUGGY" REMEMBER WHAT RICK SAID "TAKING NOTHING WITH YOU" (PRETEND CEREBUS ATE THE BISCUITS THE TIN IS CEREBUS STOMACH) CEREBUS IS ALREADY TIRED OF CARRYING HIS STOMACH) "FOLLOW THE LINE OF TREES, OVER THE RIDGE" REMEMBER WHAT RICK.
WE'LL SEE EACH OTHERS ONLY ONCE MORE AFTER TODAY


THE SOMETHING ABOUND WITH THE SOME P...S AND SOME...NING BUT AS YET THE SOME...HING ARE SOME...G.
COME AND SEE
OH SHIT.
THAT'S RIGHT.
PUFF
OR PLUS ALREADY SAW!
MOVE.
PUFF PUFF
IT.
SHIT.
SHIT.
SH
FLUMF

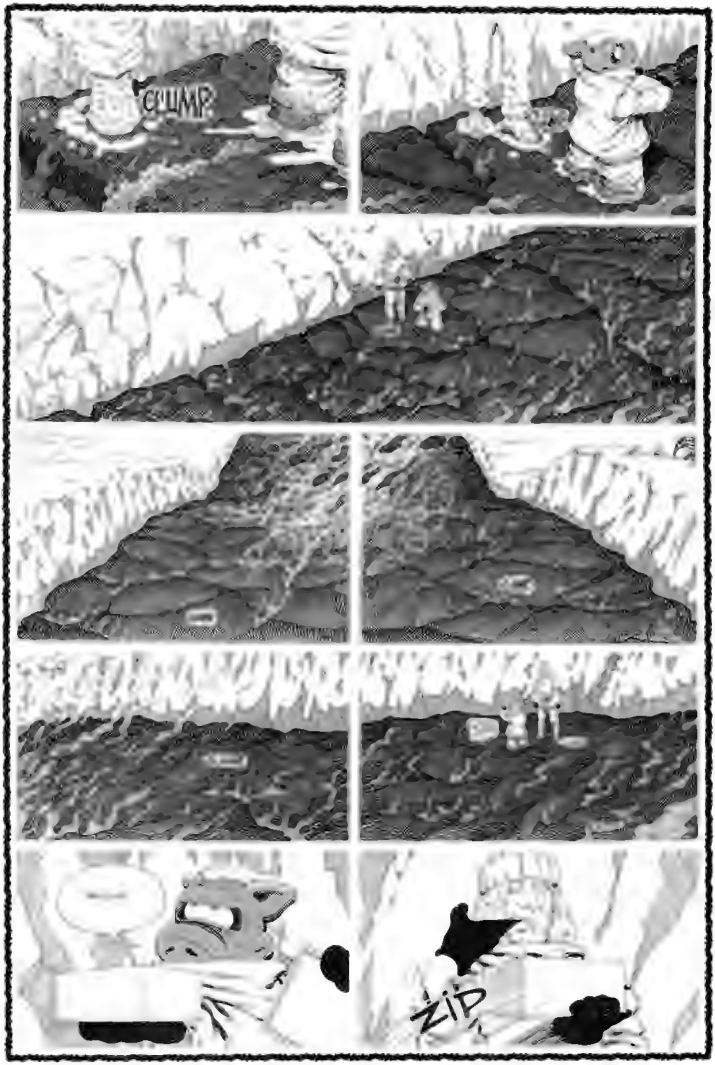
RUFF
RUFF
RUFF

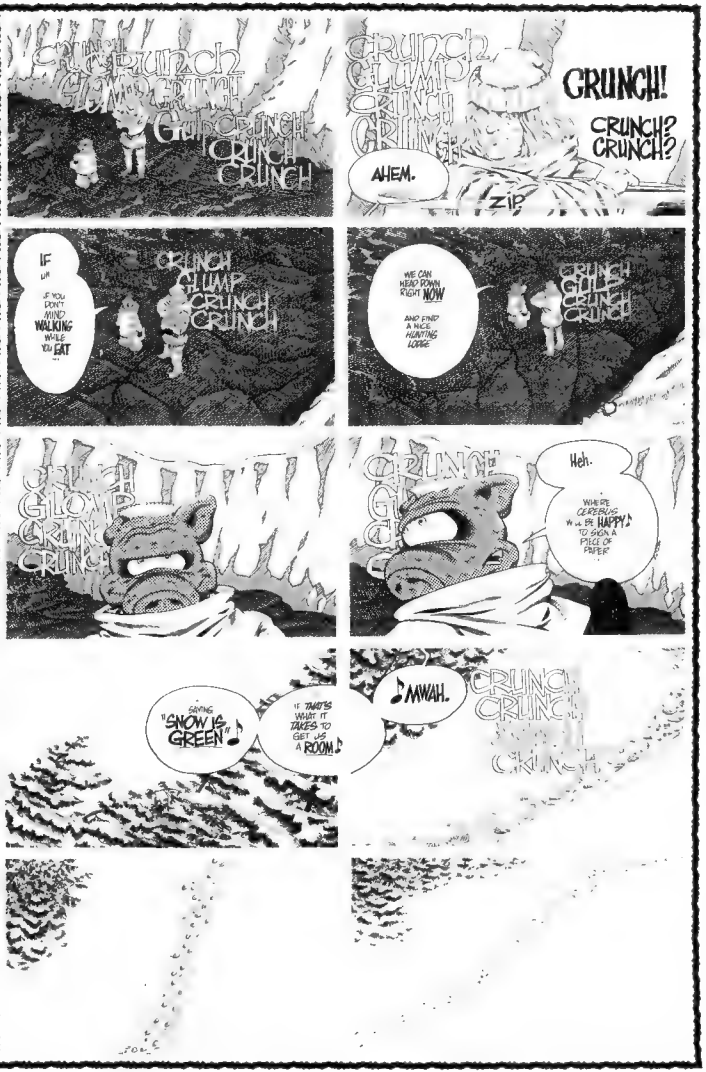

JAKA?
What.
MARCH
FORWARD

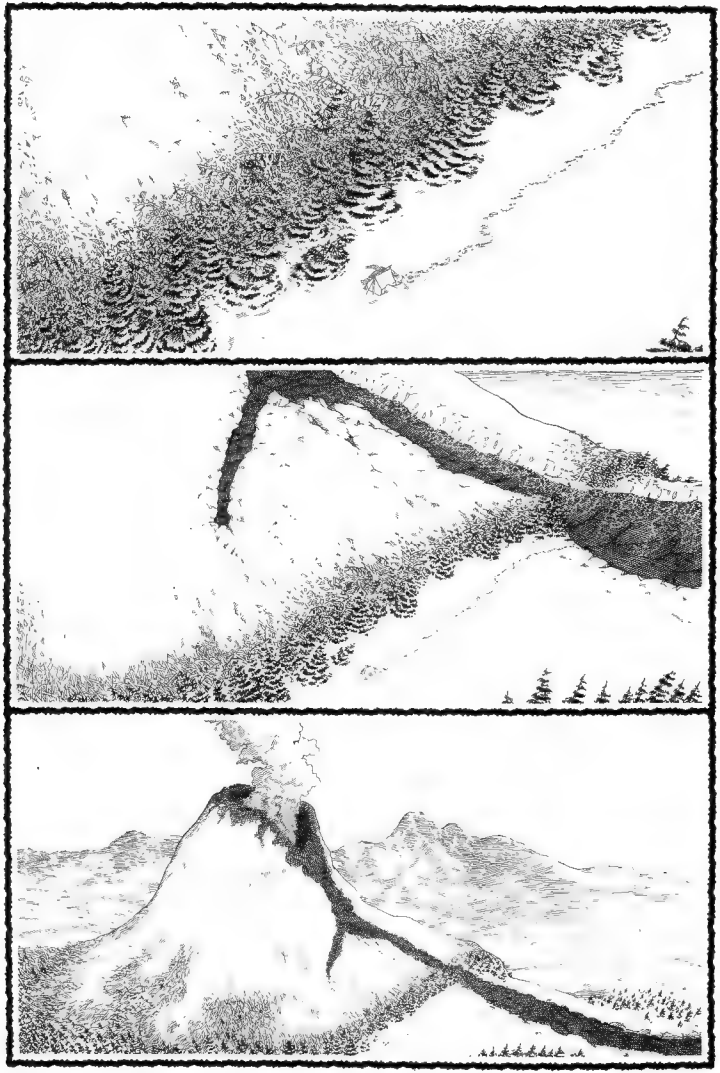
damn
FOR.
SHIT
SHIT
SHIT
CEREBUS IS INSANE!
(WHAT DOES CEREBUS THINK IS ON THAT RIDGE?!)
WELL- LET'S SEE... WE'RE ON THE SIDE OF A HUGE SNOW-COVERED MOUNTAIN SO OVER THAT RIDGE IS-?
SNOW?
MORE SNOW
LOTS MORE SNOW.
DEEPER SNOW
MUCH DEEPER SNOW
LOTS MORE MUCH DEEPER SNOW
"JAKA! JAKA!"
"COME AND SEE!"
"THERE'S LOTS MORE MUCH DEEPER SNOW OVER HERE!"
OH, SWELL. LOVE THAT.
MAYBE CEREBUS SHOULD TRY TO LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE. (BRIGHT SIDE?) WHAT BRIGHT. MAYBE OVER THIS RIDGE THERE IS SO LOTS MORE MUCH DEEPER FLUFFIER SNOW
AND THE MOMENT CEREBUS SETS FOOT ON IT CEREBUS W


CEREBUS?
PUFF
PUFF
PUFF
PUFF
PUFF
YOU'RE.
OVER.
THE RIDGE.
NOW.
PUFF
SO DON'T MOVE!
PUFF
PUFF
PUFF
PUFF

I.
MY.
WANT.
BISCUITS!
PUFF
CEREBUS?
PUFF
I Said.
I.
WANT.
MY.


GLUMP
ZIP


CRUNCH!
CRUNCH?
CRUNCH?
AHEM.
ZIP
IF
IF YOU DON'T MIND WALKING WHILE YOU EAT
WE CAN HEAD DOWN RIGHT NOW
AND FIND A NICE HUNTING LODGE
Heh.
WHERE'S CEREBUS? W-4 BE HAPPY♪ TO SIGN A PIECE OF PAPER
SAYING "SNOW IS GREEN"♪
IT TAKES TO GET US A ROOM♪
♪MWAH.



TO HAM & HAM NOT

continued from last issue

Hemingway laboured at the book intermittently for fifteen years, alternately swelling its proportions and then cutting it drastically. The manuscript, at the time of his death, clocked in at a whopping sixteen hundred pages—out of which Scribners editor Tom Jenks and the Widow Queen carved the 248-page version that was published in 1986. In the sense that "anything is possible," there exists the remote possibility that Hemingway had *something* insightful to say about his "hermaphrophilism" somewhere in those thirteen hundred pages that *didn't* make the cut. But I suspect not, if the typing that *did* make the cut is anything to go by. I would agree with Earl Rovit (the author of *Ernest Hemingway*, Twayne, 1963), who expressed the view in Denis Brian's *The True Gen* that *Garden of Eden* "...struck me as personal material that a writer is getting rid of for his own therapy and is unable to universalize or make representative of anything other than his own peculiar warts and whims..." except that I think *Hemingway's* motive was to *refute* Gertrude Stein's charge of intellectual and literary dishonesty by addressing "hermaphrophilism" as a subject. I would also agree with William Robertson's review of the 1986 version in the *Miami Herald*: "At its simplest Ernest Hemingway's *Garden of Eden* comes down to this: boy meets girl, girl becomes boy, girl goes crazy, boy meets another girl," and William Walton: "None of the characters have real depth ...we even have descriptions of their clothes, but we don't have anything about their ideas."

I think the truth of Walton's observation—apart from the fact that Hemingway had few, if any, actual ideas—stems from the fact that there is nothing to be *said* about "hermaphrophilism." Once Hemingway has said that "the idea of my wife having short hair like a boy and penetrating her anally gives me a hard-on," it seems to me that he has imparted the sum total of what can be said about the subject. Whatever *anyone* finds sexually arousing (it seems to me) is unsuitable as subject matter for a novel. Unsuitable, in that it is too "small," too "individualized" to qualify as a literary theme. It can be introduced to emphasize the nature of a given character, serve as a counterpoint to the character's portrayal of him or herself, as comedy relief—any number of ways—and thus serve to delineate a *part* of a character even as a character delineates his or her *part* of the larger creative work. But to attempt to *raise* sexual preferences above their *place,* as *aspects* of *individuals,* and to try to make any sexual preference the theme of a creative work inarguably, and I think by definition, makes that work pornographic (in the masculine sense) or gossip (in the feminine sense), either and/or both of which invalidates it as literature, again, by definition.

Likewise "sexual preference as *political* theme" (in the homosexualist/feminist sense)—which, by definition, makes a work political propaganda and, by definition, invalidates it as literature. This was the insoluble problem Gertrude Stein presented to Hemingway and which, I believe, ultimately contributed to "psychic meltdown" in the Drunken Typist. If he kept the "hermaphrophilism" as a tangential element of a single character, then he would seem —even to himself— evasive of Stein's challenge. But to deal with "hermaphrophilism" as theme was to diminish the work, by definition, to "hermaphrophile pornography." His lack of sophistication in literary matters led him to oscillate between these polar opposites: type-type-type-typing *Garden of Eden* as a piece of literature until the "hermaphrophilism" theme became peripheral and he seemed to be evading his goal of literary and intellectual honesty and then type-type-type-typing about his preferred form of fornication until *Garden of Eden* became "hermaphrophile pornography" and/or "hermaphrophile propaganda," which, given the— exceptional—nature of hermaphrophilism (which, so far as I know, didn't even have a *name* until I *gave* it one) really limits the possible audience for the work and makes its creation, it seems to me, a sixteen-hundred-page act of futility.

I think that the book that Hemingway *intended* to write was the hermaphrophilic equivalent of Gore Vidal's *The Judgement of Paris,* which addresses homosexuality, bisexuality, hermaphroditism, et al. while (for the most part) limiting them to facets or aspects of the various characters' individual personalities. While much of the book *does* serve as sly homosexualist propaganda (a fact more apparent to the world-weary forty-four-year-old Dave Sim than it had been to the goggle-eyed Dave Sim of twenty), Vidal, unlike Hemingway, was and is a *writer* and not a *typist,* and so accomplished the difficult marriage of propaganda and literature with a minimum amount of literary "fudging," even as he implicitly acknowledged that a given sexual preference—of whatever kind is unsuitable as a literary *theme.*

(I'm sure that Gore Vidal would disagree with my assessment because of his own homosexualist predisposition—and he was really very much a pioneer in this—in believing that everyone is basically either a bisexualist or a homosexualist, that exclusively heterosexual men or women are a) societally in the minority and/or b) hiding their nascent bisexualist and homosexualist nature from themselves and/or others, and/or that they are c) an accident of societal conditioning, imprinting, and/or other voodoo profession mumbo jumbo. However, I think that Vidal's own body of work reinforces, rather than refutes my argument. While homosexuality, transsexuality, bisexuality, et al. figure prominently as *aspects* of many of the characters in *City and the Pillar, The Judgement of Paris,* and *Myra Breckinridge,* Vidal himself was and is enough of

a writer to know that he could not confine his attentions to sexual preference without diminishing and marginalizing his own works, both individually and collectively, into the aforementioned categories of pornography and/or gossip.

To me, this is reflected in the real world, where Gay Pride Parades bespeak shallow self-absorption, low intellectual horizons, and general dim-wittedness, as does any celebration of sexual preference. Imagine an "Asian-Girls-Get-Me-Hot Pride Parade," and I think you'll see what I mean. It is inescapable that there are non-Asian men who prefer Asian girls, sexually. It is inescapable that they are a societal minority. But it seems to me equally inescapable that it is a ridiculous thing either to celebrate *or* to make into a collective concern of those who share the interest or (most particularly) inflict upon those who *don't* share the interest. If for no other reason than the fact that once you have said, "Asian girls get me hot," you have exhausted the intellectual content of the observation (not to mention the fact that making the assertion *itself, aloud*, constitutes a level of vulgarity that, I think, verges on the paleolithic in a society which, presumably, should be *above* that sort of thing).

TANGENT

Having now wandered as far as I am ever likely to wander into those areas which are, in my view, implicitly peripheral to society and to literature, the occasion seems opportune to extract and examine a few of the fatter, juicier, and...more repulsively compelling?...specimens from the feminist-homosexualist axis's can of worms I have opened here. And this I intend to do after *concluding "To Ham & Ham Not." "After" for the entirely (and admittedly) selfish reason that the* sooner *I can get all of Hemingway's novels, short stories, essays, letters, Horowitz A, B, C, D, Earl Thiesen's photos, et al.* out *of my studio,* into *a very large cardboard box, and* into *the most distant, dark, and dingy corner of the Off-White House basement (never again to see the light of day in* my *lifetime), the happier a camper—*deliriously *happier a camper—your humble narrator will (he assures you) immediately become. As was the case with the extended "Aesthetic Moment" digression in "Chasing Scott," the lengthy "can of worms" digression will not be reprinted in the "Form & Void" trade paperback, for while the feminist-homosexualist axis clearly views explicit enunciations, displays, and celebrations of sexual preference as* central *considerations (what are they without them?)* in *society, my* own *view is that such considerations are peripheral* to *society, and it is only—*only*—because happenstance and the Hemingways have led me into the murk and muck that I sense a small (*very *small) obligation to address several feminist-homosexualist misapprehensions while I am temporarily and—as it were—*ankle-deep *in the neighbourhood.*

"Tangent," when completed, will fit here in the sequence of observations for those interested in following the narrative thread which led to it.

But, for now, let's speed the Hemingways on to their final rest in the Off-White House basement, shall we?

* * * * * * *

It seems clear that Hemingway was reading Mary's diary on an ongoing basis. Surreptitiously or with her full knowledge and consent? No real way of knowing, but I would suspect the latter. In any case, he evidently read Mary's reconstruction of the "Recondite magazine interview" and decided to make his own contribution to Mary's diary. In her typescript, she specifies that the contribution was "In Papa's handwriting" (which I take as further confirmation that the typescript is not the original diary, since Papa's contribution is typewritten, just as is everything else). The contribution is a list of names, essentially merging "Mary Welsh Hemingway" and "Ernest Hemingway" with the addition of "Peter" and "Catherine" in their English and Spanish forms (i.e., "Mary Peter Hemingway," "Kathrin Ernest Hemingway," "Pedro Maria Hemingway y Welsh," and so on) and concluding: "Signing off happy about last night and every night."

By the next day, Hemingway seems to have decided to further clarify the revelations about himself represented by the "Recondite magazine interview" and his own list of hermaphroditic names with a more lengthy, peculiar, and (I suspect) alcohol-powered entry:

Page 523 - *Journal* [Sunday, December 20th, Kimana Swamp (PAPA HAS MADE THIS ENTRY FOR ME)] pages 206-207

"We decided last night to lay off all huntings [sic] *and shootings today because meat in camp* [sic] *by 18.00 last night (1 impala shot by Papa) and devote the day to rest and Miss Mary's Christmas haircut to look especially beautiful for all visiting guests. Her hair is naturally blonde to reddish golden blonde to sandy blonde. Papa loved the way it looked naturally but Miss Mary had made him a present of saying to make her hair really blonde a couple of weeks before and this made him want to have her as platinum blonde as she was at Torcello where we lived one fall and part of a winter* [Mary, clearly transported back to Torcello has added "burnt Beech logs in the fireplace" as a handwritten addition which Hemingway's next line makes redundant] *and made love at least every morning noon and night, with Beech log fires, and had the loveliest time Papa ever knew of. Better than any although many very good. But loving Mary has been such a complicated and wonderful thing now for over nine years (sometimes fights and mutual wickedness (my fault) and sometimes hers too but always made up and made presents to each other). Mary is an espece* [sic] *(sort of) prince of devils* [Mary marks off this section for excision:] *and has wonderful breasts that rise like the Chuly-Chuly hills and if you are not prepared to take and hold these hills you would be well advised not to touch them even by accident. She has the loveliest place I have ever known* [end of Mary's excision] *and almost any place you touch her it can kill*

both you and her. She always wanted to be a boy and thinks as a boy without ever losing any femininity. If you should become confused on this you should retire. She loves me to be her girl, which I love to be, not being absolutely stupid, and also loving to be her girl [at night] *since I have other jobs in the daytime. In return she makes me awards and at night we do every sort of thing which pleases her and which pleases me. She has a* [sic] *skin smoother than any Chinese girl and before Miss Mary they were the loveliest girls I knew and if I had no responsibilities I would have remained with them always. Mary has never had one Lesbian impulse but has always wanted to be a boy. Since I have never cared for any man and dislike any tactile contact with men except the normal Spanish abrazo or embrace which precedes a departure or welcomes a return from a voyage or a more or less dangerous mission or attack I loved feeling the embrace of Mary which came to me as something quite new and outside all trible* [sic] *law. On the night of December 19 we worked out these things and I have never been happier."*
EH. 20/12/53

The homosexualist-feminist axis doubtless finds this sort of material pre-eminently interesting. What is the "embrace of Mary" which is "outside all tribal law"? Sodomy? Or is something else being discussed, having something to do with Hemingway "loving to be [Mary's] girl"? Is Mary penetrating EH, here? With what? Where?

This is what I mean by the meeting place of gossip and the pornographic. The voodoo profession (which reached its nadir in the middle part of the 20th century) holds that there is inherent value in uncovering and examining, clinically, individual private matters. Where psychiatry holds sway there is no such thing as a private or Private concern. At best there is "privacy." To the voodoo profession and its adherents there is an implicit material benefit to be had in determining psychiatric possibilities and examining psychiatric likelihoods and a wholehearted conviction that their own motives in pursuing those determinations and making those examinations are altruistic. I disagree. I think there are thresholds which can be crossed *only* by those whose *actual* motive is salacious, intrusive gossipmongering, and I think "the embrace of Mary" is one of them.

To Hemingway, as he read the haphazard reconstruction of the Recondite magazine interview, Mary must have suddenly merged in a very real way with Gertrude Stein. Here was Gertrude Stein's "real Ernest Hemingway," plainly, on the page in front of him, in black and white, in (more or less) his own words…but in another's handwriting. What to do? Cross it out? Tear out the page? Whatever direction he turned, there was the smiling face of his lesbian nemesis.

No wonder he described Mary as "an *espèce* prince of devils." How far could he allow himself to go in examining Mary's motivations for writing down her reconstruction of the "Recondite magazine interview"? Was this payback for shooting "her" lion? For Adriana? For Debba? For sodomizing her night after night? Had Mary read the pertinent sections of Gertrude Stein's *Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas*? Had EH and Mary discussed them?

It seems possible that—after eight years of intermittent work on *Garden of Eden* and with more than a few highballs under his belt—Hemingway saw Mary's reconstruction of the "Recondite magazine interview" and his own contribution of the list of hermaphroditic names as perhaps a shortcut to addressing Gertrude Stein's challenge of two decades before. With the book itself stalled and his masquerade behind the fictional proxy of David Bourne to a degree problematic as well (was he really being intellectually and literarily honest if he was hiding behind a fictional persona?), it does seem possible that he decided to "come clean" in the pages of Mary's diary, knowing that—one way or the other and even if it took decades—his handwritten contribution would come to light. Which, of course, it did with the publication of *How It Was* in 1976.

And caused no great stir, from what I can see. Which must have perplexed the "ladies" who had been so instrumental in nurturing Papa's legend both during and after his lifetime. It seems obvious that, from Gertrude Stein out, women thought they really *had* something in this Hemingway character. With their secret and often not-so-secret ambitions to be men or (failing that) to be more masculine or (failing that) to make the world more androgynous, it must've seemed to the "ladies" that a man like Hemingway—who not only *tolerated* his wives' masculine pretensions, but who found those pretensions sexually *arousing*—was just the judas goat who could lead the rest of the male population to slaughter (women being great believers in "monkey see, monkey do," particularly as it applies to the male population). The higher and brighter shone the star of Hemingway in the literary and societal firmament (went the screw-loose approximation of female "reasoning"), the more influential he would be in persuading all of his male followers that what they *really* wanted was for their womenfolk to wear pants and shirts and cut their hair short and go huntin' and fishin' and basically be men (you see) with breasts and vaginas (HoCCChh, *THOO!*). Failing *that*, there would at least (one day) come the Momentous Unveiling when Papa Hemingway (at last!) stood revealed as essentially androgynous, as much woman as man in his interior being. As with gay "outing," this screw-loose approximation of "reasoning" anticipated a wave of dumbstruck horror sweeping the masculine heterosexual population as we all *wilted* before the *crushing knowledge* that ultramasculine Ernest "Papa" Hemingway was a…a…

…the lack of a *noun* I think was a big part of that scenario failing to play out. Besides, by the time the big revelation arrived in 1976, Frank Sinatra had given way to Elvis had given way to the Beatles had given way to Mick Jagger had given way to David Bowie had given way to Elton John. *None* of whom had done much to affect the overarching masculine sentiment governing such matters: "As long as they don't do it in the street and scare the horses." I don't know *what* the

feminist/homosexualist axis *expected*. "Hell, Fred, if it's good enough fer 'Papa' Hemingway, it's good enough fer me. Pass me that lipstick over thar."

Such is the peculiar nature of the tactician when she-he gets a bee in her-his bonnet about something. Tactical square by tactical square, decade upon decade upon decade, menstrual step by menstrual step, Ernest Hemingway was moved forward across the female side of the chessboard until the masculine king was jeopardized by the hermaphrophile pawn.

"*So long as he doth not do it in the street and, thus, scareth the horses.*"

King takes pawn.

Meanwhile, back at Kimana Swamp:

Page 524 - *Journal* Page 208

"Mwindi came and showed me..."

Between the "almost an orgy" with Debba and the native girls, sodomizing Mary on a regular basis, and whatever else EH was writing about in his 20 December entry, I have to go along with Nature's reflection here:

"But what a pig!"

Journal (Saturday, January 2, 1954, Kimana Swamp) page 228

[EH]: *"I'm not*
a phony, but
I'm a terrible
braggart"

(No,
just full
of joy)

"Fisi is going Whuuu-uuuu-uuuu"

I'm sure *fisi*—a hyena—was. Which I considered to be just as ominous as *fisi's* last appearance on page 518.

Pages 524-525 - *Journal* page 229

"Papa has been saying..."

And here we are. Back at the page that first compelled me to contact the Hemingway Archives at the John F. Kennedy Library, the page which (as I speculated earlier) spooked Mary so badly that she shelved this part of *How It Was* for an indeterminate length of time, dumping the last batch of pages into the "Reject pages from diary" file.

In *How It Was*, the excerpt reads (page 471):

My kitten-brother is the --est, --est, most,
best kitten

In the margin of *Journal* page 229 she has written "Too complimentary. Immodest to publish."

What a mind-boggling gender, I remember thinking.

She publishes whole extracts about being sodomized from one side of Kenya to the other, about Papa loving to be her girl, about "she always wanted to be a boy and thinks as a boy," and all the rest of it without once considering that she might be doing a disservice to the memory of her "beloved Lamb" by doing so, but is hurled into the contortions of the damned by the prospect of being forced (*NO! PLEASE!*) to *allow* into print Ernest Hemingway's description of her as the "bravest, loveliest" etc. in the pages of *How It Was*. "Kitten-brother"—oh, *that* (evidently) was no problem. No need to be embarrassed about a *husband* calling his *wife* his "kitten-*brother*." What could be more natural in the female scheme of things? But "bravest"? (*NO! NO!*) "loveliest"? (*STOP! YOU CAN'T MAKE ME!*)...

...and pretty clearly Alfred Knopf *couldn't*. So "My kitten-brother is the bravest, loveliest, most understanding and best kitten in and out of bed..." became "My kitten-brother is the --est, --est, most, best kitten" in *1976* when such treatment was reserved for only the most guttural of expletives.

I repeat. What. A. Mind. Boggling. Gender.

Page 526 - *Journal* (Tuesday, January 5, 1954, Kimana Swamp) page 230

"Found and sadly identified..."

Interesting that Mary jumps to the conclusion that this is the same waterbuck that she saw as analogous to Polygamous Papa. Even more interesting that she jumps to the conclusion that it was killed by a lion*ess*. Why not a lion—or a leopard? Couldn't be that she's projecting Papa's "bravery" in coming clean about his hermaphrophilism onto the waterbuck, could it? Couldn't have anything to do with all those lion steaks she's been eating, could it?

Page 527 - *Journal* (Friday, January 8th, Kimana Swamp) page 233

"There erupts in the forest..."

I was channel-surfing with the sound off about a week after drawing my part of this sequence, and suddenly there they were: a herd of impala milling around two males who were going at it with their horns (on television, I mean). There are few things in this Feminist Age which will compel me to put the sound *on* on my television, but here I definitely made an exception.

And they *did*. They sounded *exactly* like a herd of *pigs*. Bucks *and* does.

No further questions, your honour.

On the way back we chased
a Fisi, a very dark and ugly one
with a huge head on his smallish body
which sloped from his shoulders to small
low hindquarters

Saw seven
Fisi altogether,
the most I've ever
seen.

Page 529 - *Journal* (Saturday, January 16, Denis' [sic] house, Kajiado) page 245

"In the early morning we saw the Rhino..."

This was one of the few instances where I had to break my rule about using Mary's words exclusively in the order in which they appeared. The incident with the rhino shook her up pretty badly if the random order of her account is anything to go by.

Did you know that hyenas are matriarchal? Well, they are. They're matriarchal. I decided to call the two hyenas on this page Mary and Gertrude. Three guesses as to what I called the *rhino* and the first two guesses don't count.

Page 530 - *Journal* page 246

"There was a tremendous mirage..."

After "sharply repeating themselves in the blue surface" in her typescript, Mary has crossed out "Good for my poem." According to EH's *True at First Light,* Mary intended to write an epic poem about Africa and he had to keep reminding her to write down observations that she intended to include—which seems to have been a source of friction between them. It was for this reason that I broke the narrative pattern and wrote the lines in the "free verse" form you see here.

The "dust devils" struck me as the latest in a string of ominous Natural reflections.

Journal (Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, January 18-20, at New Stanley Hotel, Nairobi, with too much eating, too much drinking, repacking, too many people pretentious and/or dull) page 247

Changed New Stanley Hotel to New Livingstone Hotel (nyuck, nyuck). Could not find a picture anywhere of the Hotel as it looked in 1954 (it was remodelled in the mid-'sixties). Found a fax number for the *new* New Stanley Hotel in a Kenya travel book and almost wrote to ask if they could fax back a picture of the old hotel. Then I thought about trying to explain what I wanted it for and gave up. Which is unfortunate since they may have ended up being as helpful and accommodating as the John F. Kennedy Library.

So this is Karen House—another Nairobi landmark from the same time period. You would never have known the difference, now would you?

This is one of Mary's few single-spaced entries, with all of the information crammed into one space just as you see it above.

Page 531 - *Journal* (Thursday, January 21, 10 a.m. [*handwritten:*] at the airport) page 247

"We should be off soon now with Roy in the Cesna..[sic]*"*

So begins the account of the ill-fated plane flights which Mary documented in her *Journal* and *How It Was* and which EH recounted in "The Christmas Gift" (*Look* magazine, April 20th and May 4th, 1954—reprinted in *By-line: Ernest Hemingway*). The aerial tour of the Congo and the Nile was EH's Christmas gift to Mary. Their first night at the New Stanley Hotel, they met an M. Lumbrechts of Sabena Airline in the (where else?) bar, and he gave them a book on the Belgian Congo and sold Mary on the idea of stopping there. Space constraints forced me to compress much of their journey, which was spread over three days, and to eliminate many of the sights they saw, their stopover at the Lake Victoria Hotel in Entebbe, etc.

Page 532 - *Journal* page 248

"Saw the place where Pauline killed her lion..."

In the typescript "Pauline" is crossed out and "E's wife #2" is written above the line. I doubt that Hemingway actually *remembered* where his second wife had shot her lion (*If* she *did* shoot a lion: *Green Hills of Africa* is as short on details regarding Pauline's "kill" as *True at First Light* is on Mary's. And it seems worth noting that Charo, whom Hemingway himself quoted as saying, "No woman ever kills a lion"—see note, page 515—served *both* women as gun-bearer, twenty years apart), and I think it was just a way of "needling" Mary for forcing him into a journey that held no appeal for him.

"Lake Elizabeth" is Lake Victoria. "Lake Philip" is Lake Albert. Queens and Consorts being pretty much interchangeable, don't you think?

Page 534 - *Journal* (Lake Victoria Hotel, Entebbe, Uganda, January 25th, 1954) page 251

This entry leads off with an exhaustive list of everything the Hemingways lost in the second crash and the value in Kenyan shillings: Shgs. *1,200 - money in M's snakeskin wallet*; *Shgs. 40 - cost of wallet*, as an example. Had to laugh at the *Shgs. ??? - in Papa's pockets*. ("Lamb?! How many shillings did you have in your pockets? Lamb?!")

The entry then picks up with Saturday morning, the 23rd ("latish") just before the first crash.

"Ran into the birds."

This is the only description of them. "The birds." Fortunately, in "The Christmas Gift," EH was more helpful, describing them as "black and white Ibis." Only a *little* more helpful, because it turns out that there is no such creature as a 'black and white ibis." There is a *white* ibis—but it has no black markings on it. I spent the better part of an afternoon checking every bird book they had at the Kitchener Library for every kind of ibis they had going. I finally gave up and came back to the studio where—what do you know?—in the only bird book *we* have (B. Mitchell's *The World Atlas of Birds,* Mitchell Beazley Publishers Limited, London, 1974), I came across the Sacred Ibis which—by process of elimination—seemed the only possibility. Oddly enough, a characteristic of the ibis is that the sexes are nearly alike. So much so that "members of a mated pair are unable to recognize one another as individuals, so a bird approaching a nest must perform an appeasement display if it is to avoid being attacked as an intruder." The Sacred Ibis was, to the ancient Egyptians, a symbol of the god Thoth, who my dictionary informs me was the god of wisdom and the inventor of art, science, and *letters*.

Which seems to me a pretty good job of reflecting a typist on the part of Nature, particularly an *androgynous* typist.

continued next issue